

# COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VI.

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No. 13.

## Our Illfated Gym.

Nearly ten years ago a new era opened in the history of St. Joseph's when a spacious combination Gymnasium and auditorium was dedicated. Since that time the growth of the college has been so great that it was necessary last summer to undertake the work of enlarging the original building. This work was almost completed, the structure had been raised ten feet, an additional story had been added, and the original building remodeled in every way, when flames, issuing from the rear of the building, were discovered before dawn on the morning of April 2nd. Two hours of wild conflagration, of vain efforts on the part of over three hundred professors and students to quench the raging furnace, converted what might have been one of the finest Catholic College gymnasiums in the States to a mass of cracked walls and debris.

A popular secular or an endowed institution might not be so sensible to the seventy-five thousand dollar loss which the burning of the Gym entails; but when it is considered that the institution, though not even self-supporting, has received practically nothing from outside charity, but has been built and sustained from the incomes of less than one hundred and fifty priests, we may glean some idea of what the loss of the gymnasium means to St. Joseph's.

The original building of brick and stone erected in 1904 could not be replaced for \$40,000. A vast sum had already been spent in remodeling the structure, making the total cost of erection about \$65,000. A very conservative estimate values the interior equipment at \$10,000. The insurance will cover scarcely more than one third of the loss. The building was 140 feet long, and 90 feet wide. The first floor half basement was, with the exception of one room, which was to be occupied by the Raleigh Club, practically one large room. It was to contain the bowling alleys, pool room, a basket ball floor and gymnasium in general. The second floor was the original basket ball hall and auditorium. Separated from the main floor by a large steel

curtain was the stage, with its one thousand dollar equipment. On one side of the main floor were the dressing rooms, barber shop and candy store, the other contained the music department. The third floor was used as a gallery, and likewise contained four spacious rooms, two to the front and two large rooms to the rear. In one of these rooms was the full instrumentation of the College band, valued at \$600. One of the rear rooms had been opened the day before the fire as a pool room. The loss of the music department containing pianos, organs and string instruments is conservatively estimated at \$3,000. Practically all the property of the students' Athletic Association was destroyed. It will take another ten years under the old plan to replace the various gym apparatus as well as the thirty complete sets of base ball and basket ball uniforms.

Plans for a new Gym will be executed at once. Already the walls of the ruined building are being pulled down. The Reverend Faculty have a big task before them, to provide for the new building, but they are determined to meet the obstacles, and with sympathetic co-operation and the encouragement offered by a loyal student body, they will succeed.

## The First Steps.

The music department, destroyed with the Gym, will be completely re-established by the opening of college after the Easter recess. The first floor of the Faculty building is being vacated and transformed into music rooms. Six new pianos have just been purchased from the Wurlitzer Company.

What is equally encouraging is the news that complete sets of band and orchestra instruments have been purchased from the same company, which means that St. Joseph's will not be deprived of the Sunday evening band concerts. Three thousand dollars have already been expended in new instruments.

Our baseball aspirations will not be disappointed. The order has already



been sent, by which the necessities will be replaced, and it is interesting to hear that uniforms have been ordered not only for the Varsity but also for the Senior and Junior leagues.

### Juniors vs Rensselaer.

The Juniors started the Base Ball season in a fashion that will force the Varsity to keep on its feet if it wants to uphold the fighting and staying qualities displayed by their younger successors. The game was ceded to Rensselaer when the teams were compared in size. The contest started with St. Joseph's juniors on the defensive. It was an even break up to the fifth when Kanney retired in favor of Dusch with a man on third and three runs across the plate. A wild pitch on the first thrown ball gave Rensselaer their fourth and last run.

It continued to rain and the damp atmosphere told on the visitors for in the final eighth they weakened and by a few timely swats the Juniors forged ahead winning out 4-5.

Batteries, Juniors: V. Kanney, Dusch and Hellen.

Umpire R. Murphy.

### Our Prefect's Bell.

The Gym lies low in ashes,  
'Tis a sad, sad tale to tell;  
But cheer up fellows, not all is lost,  
We saved the Prefect's Bell.

Perhaps you never stop to think  
Of that unassuming friend;  
'Tis ever thus, we never prize  
Till distance service ends.

The first to greet us in the morning,  
The last to sound a fond "good night."  
Though flunked or booked or friend-  
forsaken

One friend, at least, we have in sight.

For thirty years through thick and thin  
That bell has done its noble work;

It worked the same in rain or shine,  
And never did it duty shirk.

Many of those are far away,  
Who have once heard its welcome knell;  
A few, maybe, have turned to bummers,  
But more are doing princely well.

A few of them are high in heaven,  
A few there be in Illinois,  
And even some are living yet,  
Who answer to its lusty voice.

Editor's note. — We asked a fellow,  
Who wrote this poem? he answered I,  
Dunno who.

### A Midnight Tragedy.

It was a bright and happy spring evening and a goodly crowd was there. The fast approaching dusk threw its mantle over the smoking chimneys and soon all was quiet. Three hundred souls closed their eyes and bid farewell to the fading day. Soon they were in dreamland and the night wore on. Without, all was quiet except the sharp shrill of the cock awakening from his dreams; the all-enshrouding darkness, occasionally pierced by the faint rays of the watchman's lantern, weighed heavily upon the village.

Amid this calm and peace of the night a thrilling cry is heard in a far off corner, a whistle takes up the chorus and the harsh anguished cry of men answered with the echo. Scampering from their beds the frightened populace half-clothed ran breathless to the scene of action. They met an awful sight. Furious flames spent their rage on the structure dear to them. Her cracking walls and screeching beams fired up courage within their breasts. They saw that she was doomed but she should not die without a struggle. The angry flames, on evil bent, lashed forth with all their fury spent. Many a soul, with eyes by tears half closed, fought in vain with the nozzled hose.

The spreading flames were on their way threatening the roofs of other buildings far away. But from a convent near-by we hear a murmured prayer, and the solemn chant arising from hearts far purer than our own asking Him to spare those sacred walls which shield those who answer His daily calls.

The spreading walls, as if in one last fond embrace, give way and in their ruins sad hearts sweet memories trace. The height the grand old building reached and kept, was not attained by sudden flight, but she, while her companions slept, was ravaged in the night.

Father Kramer who is scouting for the Varsity around the big league training camps at Hot Springs at the same time gradually recuperating, writes us that the Red Sox have one youngster Joseph Wood by name who is deserving of a tryout: also that the Pirates have an imported gentleman Wagner by name who might be able to make a position on the infield. No deal has yet been completed.



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## EDITORIAL.

Thursday morning, after the mad flames had abated and only the cracked walls of our once prized Gym remained, a group of students stood discussing the morning's catastrophe; in their midst stood a member of the Reverend Faculty. The students, still dazed by the morning's excitement, did not yet fully realize their loss, but the Faculty keenly felt how many years of labor had been destroyed, and what the loss meant to St. Joseph's. "I hope you boys will not now desert your Alma Mater," one of the Fathers said.

The fire was indeed a loss to us. All through the year we have been watching the progress of the improvements, waiting for the work to be completed. We had pitched our hopes high, and visions of what might have been, filled us with anticipation for our future college years. The object of those hopes has been destroyed.

Will we now desert? Will we sever our allegiance to our Alma Mater and seek another? No, the enormous material loss will only tend to render more firm the bonds which link us in sympathy to St. Joseph's. That loyalty with which we have always defended the purple and red in athletic triumph is now undergoing the test, and we will see that it emerge from the fire of trial even purer and stronger than before.

The steps already taken by the Fathers to reimburse the students for their losses, the promptness with which they are providing for the necessities and the reestablishment of athletics and the music department, only tend to convince us more and more, that between the Professors and the student body there is a feeling of unselfish charity and sacrifice, that the interests of the one are the interests of the other.

The student body on the other hand is not wanting in sympathy and gratitude. Three hundred willing hearts could do nothing to stem the tide of the raging flames; but the spirit of

eagerness and sacrifice shown during the fire and moreover the large-heartedness displayed since the conflagration lead us to be convinced that in his heart every student continues to say "I'm strong for St. Joe."

Some time during the course of next year St. Joseph's will dedicate a new Gymnasium. Every present student of St. Joseph who will not graduate in June will be there.

Previous to that day there will be a few sacrifices to be made, a few privations to be undergone; but when the new gymnasium has been opened, our own hearts as well as those of the Reverend Faculty will beat faster with emotion and just self praise, for we will be able to say: "Through thick and thin I have stood by my Alma Mater."

## Fireflies.

Brother David stood watching the destruction of his tonsorial parlor. "What are you going to do with your cigars?" someone queried. "Well I won't have to sell them, they are self-smokers."

"Not a soul in the chair" yelled the fireman who ascended to the barber shop window. Sheridan Clyde claims the honor of being the last occupant of that coveted throne.

Some people cannot muster sympathy even in a calamity. When the candy store dropped to the basement some fellow had the nerve to shout, "Down with the trusts!"

## LOCALS.

We did not realize what a useful man Joe Bruckner was until we started to build the track; a steam roller might have been used to quite an advantage on that job.

Prof.—Mention the elements of weakness in the French Empire.

Beck—Why Napoleon lost his supporters.

Prof.—What is the meaning of "predicament?"

Sheets—I can't understand it, Father.

Prof.—Suppose you and your brothers are on the road. Suddenly the wind begins to blow fiercely and from the west come fleet black clouds, keeping step to the rapid-fire thunder peals. There is a barn along the road where you might take refuge, but a five minute drive would put you home in safety. Now what would you call your position?

Sheets.—Three sheets in the wind.



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